

* back to the boat with
the utmost sense of
weariness & weariness
of the Oriental face -
and a deep homesickness for a
dear white face, now
matter whose it was.



S. S. MANCHURIA

Yokohama

July 15th 1913.

Dear Sweet Boy -

What a day this has been,
about the most unusual
day in my life! We landed
yesterday about 5:30
~~but~~ I did not get off the
boat until this morning -
when a party of men
of us went over from
our boat to Yokohama.
You see we have to
go down the side of the
boat into a launch and

As we slipped
into the launch
to come to the
boat who should
walk on top.
Dear Miss Milleman

"go over to the land that way. As soon as we landed we went to the exchange and I had \$5 gold changed into Japanese yen. A yen is 50¢ of our money. I never had such a pile of money in my life, literally loads, it was so heavy, all silver. Then we went to the Post office and I bought 15 Japanese postage stamps for which I paid ~~75 sen~~ or 150 sen or 75 cents. It gets you mixed I tell you. I sent that article on "Gems and Stones" to Harper's. Had to pay 40 sen or 20¢ postage. I also mailed 12 other letters and one card, so you know I'm trying to keep you informed. After mailing our letters we got jinrikishas and went to the station where we were to take the train for Tokyo, the capital, toward which all steps were bent. The riksha trip was a pleasure and an experience never to be forgotten. I can imagine how quickly one could get the haughty, high-and-mighty look you see on the faces of Europeans, especially, on this side - when you are sitting

up there is your fine baby carriage with your own "man" to personally conduct you whithersoever you will and mostly where you work. We went along in a string, nine of us, and we must have been a show for the natives often stopped and stared openly at us. At one time in the parade my man was in the lead and ^{there} was I at the head of that procession! I realized the sensations the "ladies" must have who ride in Barnum and Bailey's processions to be looked at like that.

² I think the ~~rikashas~~ men
had fun enough at our
expense for one would
call back  something
and how they ^{S. S. MANDARIN} would all
laugh. Some of them could
talk English and they
talked just what they
wished to us some of
the time, I am sure.

* We met a funeral.
The body was in a wooden
box covered with a white
cloth and carried on poles
by 6 or 8 men. In front
were some "rikashas" with
women in them in beautiful
pink and white clothes.
Then followed girls and
boys and men and women
all walking, some carrying

the gaudiest of big paper flowers as
high up as they could. I saw a few
really shedding tears but the long line
of followers were laughing and joking
and having a holiday. The prince died
the other day and one of the men who talked
a little English told one of our ladies
that the body was that of the Prince! We
visited a wonderful temple in an old
and marvelous park. As we entered
a side gate we were met by priests
who asked to tie sandals over our
shoes as it was a holy place. We
besanded and after paying 20 sen-
which is ten cents each we were
conducted through this wonderful
place. It is a temple to Buddah
and is ancient. The ceiling and
walls were of bronze carvings, birds
and fruits and flowers wrought out
in the marvelous manner known only
to the patient and painstaking Oriental.
There was a holy of holies where we could
not go. Only the High Priest ever enters
it. The prince had worshipped there that

morning and on a little
table were his offerings
done up in little white packages.
Every morning the priest
brings fresh flowers and
fruits to place before
the altar. There were
fine peaches in the bronze
bowls and beautiful, tall
flowers, of orange and green.
We were shown the sacred
manuscripts or scrolls
in their bronze cases.

The priest who told us
all the wonderful history
of the building of the temple
and the greatness of those
who worshipped there was
proud of his English though
much of it had to be interpre-
ted to us by some American



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3 trained Chinese. Mr. Sage, that medical student George Krouse conducted our party and managed therickasha men as none
else could have done -
for Japan is full of graft
and the rickasha men had
all the rest. But we did
find one unusual thing, a
Chinese Japanese waitress who
declined to take a "tip!" At
was such an unusual
experience we hardly knew
how to meet it. We went
to a big department store
in Tokyo, - the Wanamaker
of Tokyo, - and looked
at their beautiful, beautiful
things then took lunch in
their lunch room. All we
could get was tea, coffee,

ice cream (which was frozen custard) and Japanese or American (foreign) cakes. We took the Japanese cakes as we were out for experiences. We had what we went for - and noted no more Japanese cakes ever again. They were little prettily shaped and colored gelatinies. One looked like chocolate and one had small beans all through it - and one was made of a bean flower - all sickeningly sweet. We cut the gelatine with little thin tooth picks like wooden sticks and ate the bits from these sticks. The waitress kindly showing us how. How smiling and patient and courteous they were! It was lovely to see them leave the room, the Japanese who were lunching there, for there were many of them there, a higher grade of people, in beautiful clothes. As they left they made the most graceful bows to the man at the door, and to each other. We see them bowing to each other everywhere. - We saw rice fields and intensive gardening of a high order. Saw beautiful rows of lettuce between fine lines of onions - and such fine corn ready to eat. Everywhere we saw the big hats and men carrying loads at the end of long poles over their shoulders, just like the pictures. Japan is so true to its art that you see in reality the

very things you have seen in
pictures, the San fan on the
water, the little fluted sail boats,
the tile covered roofs -
the temples and gateways all
are true to life - and in
so beautifully artistic a way.
But the people, oh, oh, these
thousands of them swarming,
swarming everywhere. Can
I ever forget the appeal they
make to the heart! The little
children so, so many and so
bright and quaint in their mothers'
miniature clothes. I saw one with
a little "pack" on her back about
three inches long. How they hang on
the backs of mothers, or little sisters
or big brothers. And we saw much
we didn't want to see or ex-
pect to see. Japan is far,
far from true civilization -
though she has done marvelous
things in fifty years. I came *

4 who had come to ask
me to go to a little dinner
tonight to meet some
Japanese missionaries.
But I was so dead tired
with the long day and one
of my friends of the boat
was to leave tonight
for good as I felt I
could not go. He came
over and visited me
awhile on the boat. When
the inspector boards the boat
to examine us before allow-
ing us to land, he brings letters
I felt you I was happy when
two letters were handed
to me. Inside of the two
were about six letters from

Blanch and Rae and
some other missionaries
telling me how glad they
were I was coming to Korea.

Just the dearest letters.

One of them said that Blanch
said to her "Why it was about
most like having her own
mother come" and Rae
wrote that she knew she was
going to be as motherless now.

No sail for Kobe tomorrow
at ten. Will get there at
noon above on Thursday.
I will write from there
again. Dear, please
send this letter as far
around as you can and
let Lenore have it. I want
Gov. & Mrs. Lucy Grace and
Emma and Lillian and Sallie
and any others who can to read it.
not that bit is valuable but it is Lord

From
Mrs. J. D. Luckett,
Pyeng Yang,
Korea.



Mr. Jas. D. Luckett,
Dunn Loring,
Virginia.
U.S.A.

1. Funeral
2. Endash temple



S. S. MANCHURIA



8/5/1913 X